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Of all the orders of fiction the pure allegory is least capable of exciting interest. To the truth of this, the experience of every reader can bear testimony. It required a genius like that of Spencer, to support the excitement of the moment, to engage the

feelings and enchain the attention; and this could only be performed by an untiring imagination, assisted by all the pomp of chivalry, and all the machinery of romance.

The reason why allegory must always be uninteresting, is easily found in their very definition; and as it is big in their very substratum precludes all possibility of its remedy. We may be as much interested in the fate of beings who are out of nature as of those of a different country; but for an idea simply we cannot feel any emotion; as in an allegory, the name of the hero instantly brings us back to the abstraction; he cannot be spoken of, but the sound changes him into air; he vanishes in his ethereal intangibility; and the personification is destroyed.

How great and good men who have made use of the allegory for

philosophical, moral or religious ends, if they meant to aid their cause by an appeal to the feelings, have failed in the object of their desire. But still, as the handmaiden of judgment, the allegory, the daughter of Wisdom and Fancy, presents herself, if not with mantled, with angelic beauty. If she has no charms for the eye of passion, she may be worshipped in her purity, without contamination and without regret.

As fiction simply, the allegory is more uninteresting than any other of the orders. But, as it is managed by the hand of a master, it has the power of captivating the intellect by the ingenuity with which it is wrought. We do not contemplate its incidents, as we do the fine development of a well laid plot - which charms for a moment, and leaves the judgment unrivalled; but as the

exquisite consistency of continual personifications; which contemplation by exercising improves all the powers of the mind- we are not- led to detect resemblances, which is the province of fancy, but- to identify and distinguish, which are the offices of Judgment- In this light, Allegory becomes captivating to the intellectual reader, as the highest- order of enigma. And this is, we think a better definition or description of it, than that vague idea of an extended personification, which our treatises on Rhetoric give us.

In order to employ personifications with advantage in moral topics or the inculcation of religious principles, the style of the pure allegory must be dropped, and the personification must be lost- sight of. The

reader or hearer must be carried along by the concatenation of incidents, or the eloquence of pathos, until the moral produces its final and undivided effect. This is in fact the parable between which, and the fable, it is difficult to draw any line of distinction, which does not depend more on use and adventitious circumstances, than on the nature and design of the two forms of instruction.

This form of parable, so simple, so beautiful, so simply and sublimely eloquent when made use of by the great Redeemer of mankind, interested the tones of individual feeling, enchained the wanderings of different passions, and awed the wildness of the listening multitude. No Philosopher was there to scorn; no scholar to mock; no Pharisee to cles-

-ginia: for Philosopher and scholar and Pharisee were merged in the man, in the being of hope and fear. The love of ages blushed for its vanity; the dreams of liberty vanished in their nothingness; the pride of ostentatious goodness melted into the tractability of the child.

These transient remarks on these forms of what may be styled moral fiction, are not intended as a digested thesis; they are not laid down as universally infallible; they were cursorily suggested by the receipt of an allegory, with which a correspondent has favoured us; and which we shall lay before our readers without any comment or strictures -

HONOR; AN ALLEGORY.

"In the golden ages sung by the Poets, unrecorded by the hand of the historic muse, and visited only by her less sober sisters, Truth and Chastity, beings of immortal nature, were united in an eternal union. The acclamations of all the gods greeted them upon their nuptials; and the earth resounded with applause when they produced a boy, whose features resembled those of both his parents. They had all the dignity of the father, with all the loveliness of the mother. Him they named Honor. He was reared in the groves of Arcadia, where all the muses by turns visited and instructed him. In one of his rambles he was met by a nymph who called herself Fiction; she was young and beautiful, but wild and wanton in her demeanour — her reputation was lost among the nymphs of Diana, from

whose train she had been expelled. That goddess was the maternal aunt of her youth. Fiction used all arts to recover the station she had lost, but it was without success. She asserted that she was the twin sister of Poetry, from the same parent. Harmony; but Poetry denied the alliance, and the Muses would not admit her into their number.

She met the youth in the solitudes of his retreat, and employed all her cares to decoy him from his parents. How far she would have succeeded, it is unknown; if his father had not perceived him and warned him of the danger to which he was exposed.

The youth increased in manly strength and beauty, while the accomplishments of his mind kept pace with the expansion of his powers. He went forth among the inhabitants of that happy period, armed

by the counsels of his parents who remained in the groves where his infant-years were nurtured, until all the Gods left the earth, to dwell in power reigning.

Honor formed few associations among the tenants of earth; but he was never known to abandon them when formed. He was disliked by most of those who saw him, for his reserve; but it was remarked that all the female train secretly gave him the preference above the other Gods.

Venus spread all her charms before him, but he fled away from her and avoided her company. Plutus showered gold around him, but he would not accept his proffered acquaintance. Fame offered to lead him to renown; but he said how unsettled were the glances of her

eye; he said that there was treachery in her smile; that her tramp was formed of base metal; that her lips were always moving, and that her gate was giddy. He left her company, and all who saw it expected, that she would revenge herself by abusing him. But the lips of the Goddess quivered and her hand trembled as she raised the clamouring bugle; a convulsive effort succeeded which died away in silence, and was then forgotten forever.

When the Gods quitted the earth the fate of Hector was mysterious and unknown. It was said that his arm was seen shining awfully above the ears of Hector, and his plumes waving with celestial radiance; while the vultures as they stooped in their flight to banquet on their prey, wheeled round in giddy terror,

and escaped an awful circuit from his presence.

It was also said that his gigantic figure was seen extending his mantle of pure and spotless white bleached on the mountain among over the gulph that clove on the east of the pinnacles of Athens: that his garment was seen streaming from the prow of the galley that wafted Solon to Cyprus; and that the lightning of his spear shone in the darkness of that night, when Leonidas and his phalanx perished at Thermopylæ.

After this it seems uncertain whether his visible presence is certain. But imposters sprung up in after ages, who assumed his name and form of his parents. Of them we may speak in the second part of this

history, which we have concluded for the present."

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